



Departed is with duetee and honour
Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?
Why gruchen heere his cosyn and his wyf
Of his welfare that loved hem so weel?
Kan he hem thank? Nay, God woot, never a deel,
That bothe his soule & eek himself offende,
And yet they mowe hir lustes nat amende.

WHAT may I conclude of this
longe serye,
But after wo, I rede us to be
merye,
And thanken Juppiter of al his
grace?

And er that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of sorwes two,
O parfit joye, lastyng everemo.
And looketh now, wher moost sorwe is
herinne,
Ther wol we first amenden and bigynne.
Suster, quod he, this is my fulle assent,
With all thavyss heere of my parlement,
That gentil Palamon, thyn owene knyght,
That serveth yow with wille, herte, and myght,
And evere bath doon, syn that ye first hym
knewe,
That ye shul, of your grace, upon hym rewe,
And taken hym for housbonde and for lord;
Lene me youre hond, for this is oure accord.

Lat se now of youre wommanly pitee;
He is a kynges brother sone, pardee,
And though he were a povre bachelor,
Syn he hath served yow so many a yeer
And had for yow so greet adversitee,
It mooste been considered, leeveth me,
for gentil mercy oghte to passen right.

QUENNE seyde he thus to Palamon ful
right:

I trowe ther nedeth litel sermonyng
To make yow assente to this thyng;
Com neer, and taak youre lady by the hond.
Bitwixen hem was maad anon the bond
That bighte matrimoine, or mariage,
By al the conseil and the baronage.
And thus with alle blisse and melodye
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelye;
And God, that al this wyde world hath wrought,
Sende hym his love, that it deere aboght.
for now is Palamon in alle wele,
Lyvyng in blisse, in richesse, and in heele;
And Emelye hym loveth so tendrely,
And he hire serveth al so gentilly,
That nevere was ther no word hem bitwene
Of jalousie, or any oother tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye,
And God save al this faire compaignye.
Heere is ended the Knyghtes Tale.

**Heere folwen the wordes bitwene the Hooste
and the Millere.**

WHAN that the Knyght had thus
his tale ytold,
In al theroutene was ther yong
ne oold
That he ne seyde it was a noble
storie,

And worthy for to drawn to memorie,
And namely the gentils everichon.
Oure hooste lough & swoor. So moot I gon,
This gooth aright; unboked is the male;
Lat se now who shal telle another tale,
for trewely the game is wel bigonne.
Now telleth on, sire Monk, if that ye konne
Sumwhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale.
The Millere, that fordrunken was al pale,
So that unnethe upon his hors he sat,
He nolde avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abyde no man for his curteisie,
But in Pilates voys he gan to crie,
And swoor by armes, and by blood and bones,
I kan a noble tale for the nones,
With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale.
Oure hooste saugh that he was dronke of ale,
And seyde. Abyd, Robyn, my leewe brother,
Som bettre man shal telle us first another;
Abyde, and lat us werken thriftily.
By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I,
for I wol speke, or elles go my wey.
Oure hooste answerde. Tel on a deleve wey!
Thou art a fool, thy wit is overcome.
Now herineth, quod the Millere, alle & some;
But first I make a protestacioun
That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun,
And therfore if that I myspeke or seye,
Wite it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye;
for I wol telle a legende and a lyf,
Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf,
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe.
The Reve answerde and seyde. Stynt thy
clappe!
Lat be thy lewed, dronken harlotrye;
It is a synne, and eek a greet folye

To apeyren any man, or hym defame,
And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame;
Thou mayst ynogh of othere thynges seyn.
This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn
And seyde. Leve brother Osewold,
Who hath no wyf he is no cokewold,
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon,
Ther been ful goode wyves many oon,
And evere a thousand goode ayeys oon
badde;

That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou
madde.

Why artow angry with my tale now?
I have a wyf pardee, as wel as thou,
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh,
Taken upon me moore than ynogh;
As demen of myself that I were oon,
I wol bileve wel that I am noon.
An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyf;
So he may fynde Goddes foyssoun there,
Of the remenant nedeth nat enquire.

WHAT sholde I moore seyn, but this
Millere

He nolde his wordes for no man
forbere,

But told his cherles tale in his manere.
Methynketh that I shal reherce it heere,
And therfore every gentil wight I preye,
for Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye
Of yvel entente, but that I moot reherce
hir tales alle, be they bettre or werse,
Or elles falsen som of my mateere;
And therfore, who so list it nat yheere,
Turne over the leef and chese another tale;
for he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale,
Of storial thyng that toucheth gentillesse,
And eek moralitee, and hoolynesse,
Blameth nat me if that ye chese amys.
The Millere is a cherl, ye knowe wel this,
So was the Reve, and othere manye mo,
And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.
Hvyseth yow, putteth me out of blame,
And eek men shal nat make ernest of game.

Heere bigynneth the Millere his tale.

WHILOM ther was dwel-
lyng at Oxenford
A riche gnof, that ges-
tes heeld to bord,
And of his craft he
was a carpenter.
With hym ther was
dwellynge a povre
scolor
Hadde lerned art, but
al his fantasye
Was turned for to lerne astrologye,
And koude a certeyn of conclusiouns,
To demen by interrogaciouns,
If that men asked hym in certain houres

Whan that men sholde have droghte or elles
shoures,
Or if men asked hym what sholde bifalle
Of every thyng, I may nat rekene hem alle.

THIS clerk was cleped hende Nicholas.
Of deerne love he koude, and of solas,
And therto he was sleigh and ful privee,
And lyk a mayden, meke for to see.
A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye
Allone, withouten any compaignye,
ful fetisly ydight, with herbes swoote,
And he hymself as sweete as is the roote
Of lycorys, or any cetewale,
His almageste, and bookes grete and smale,
His astralabic, longynge for his art,